

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## PRINCE EDDY TAKES COMMAND OF HIS NEW BRIG.

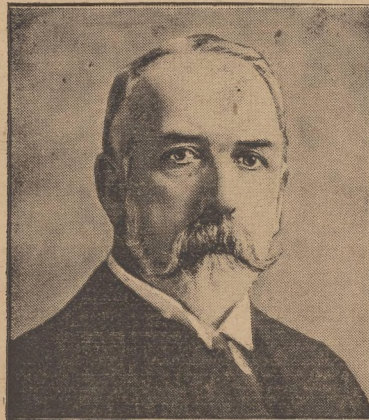


Prince Edward of Wales going out on Sunday to the model brig on Virginia Water, with his brother, Prince Albert. The two Princes wore white sailor suits, and may be seen in the bow of the boat in our photograph, which was specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*. In the stern Princess Victoria is seated with Lady Katherine Coke.

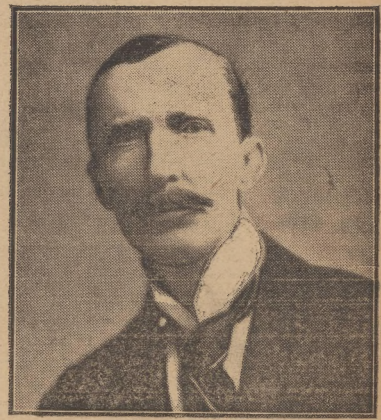
## MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE MILITARY STORES SCANDAL.



Field-Marshal Sir George White, the hero of the defence of Ladysmith.—(Langley.)



Mr. Samuel Hope Morley, late Governor of the Bank of England.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Sir George Taubman Goldie, the Colonial administrator and founder of Nigeria.







## WARSAW IN THROES OF REBELLION.

City Barricaded and Infantry  
Encamped in Streets.

## FIRING ON WORKMEN.

Flames of Sedition Fanned by  
Artful Proclamations.

The flames of revolt are spreading in Russia. Warsaw is in a state of siege, and it is quite evident that the scanty telegrams allowed to pass the censor give no adequate idea of the terrible state of affairs.

An interesting dispatch from our Moscow correspondent shows how the spirit of rebellion is fostered by "proclamations" showing the awful sufferings of reservists ordered to the front.

WARSAW, Monday.—The situation here shows no improvement. Strikers are shooting at any workmen who go to work, and the shops are closing.

Cabs and trams still circulate, but a barricade has been erected at the corner of Ogrodowa and Zelazna streets. Infantry are camping in the streets.—Reuter.

Later.—The Jewish quarters of the city are in full revolt.

The shops and stores are closed, and traffic has ceased.

Tramcars have been overturned to form the nucleus of barricades, and crowds of excited people are assembling in the streets.

Thirty-four battalions of infantry have arrived, and serious bloodshed is feared.—Reuter.

### 561 DEATHS AT LODZ.

LODZ, Monday.—Up to the present the number of bodies buried of persons killed during the disturbance is 561. Of these 343 were those of Jews and 218 those of Christians. The number of wounded exceeds 700.—Reuter.

### PEACE CONFERENCE IN AUGUST.

NEW YORK, Monday.—It was officially announced at Washington to-day that President Roosevelt had received a notification that the meeting between the plenipotentiaries of Russia and Japan will take place during the first ten days of August. President Roosevelt, in reply, has expressed a wish that the meeting should take place on August 1 or the earliest date after.—Exchange.

## PROCLAMATION OF REVOLT.

Reservists Stirred to Mutiny by Terrible  
Picture of Their Fate.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Friday.—The following is the translation of a "proclamation" widely disseminated among Russian reservists:—

"Soldier, remember, thou goest to thy death. Never more shalt thou see father and mother, wife and children. Forget them, soldier; think not of them. Forget thy brothers and thy sisters. Forget home and friends. Of hunger shall they perish. In ragged shirts shall they go. Forget, soldier; think only thou goest to thy death.

"The landowners, the capitalists, the merchants, all who have wealth or connections in power, these stay at home. Life is a pleasant thing to them. But as for thee—go thou and die. Forward, soldier, look not back. Look thou never back. At home there is fear and horror. At home there is misery without a hope. At home there is shame and dishonour.

"Soldier, the people of Russia has entered upon a great matter, and calls thee to its side. The people is rising in the towns and throughout the country-side in order to win for Russia freedom and political rights. A new Government must be appointed.

"Soldiers, if you take the part of the people, this thing will be accomplished. If you are with the people none can withstand the people. Soldiers, take heart. Let them not throw dust in your eyes. Refuse to fire upon the people. If your officers order you to fire upon the people, then fire upon those officers. Come over to the side of the people; stand shoulder to shoulder with them, and with them together go to other regiments to call them forth to join with the people for the good of all."

### KILLED BY THE HEAT.

James Broom, aged forty, a stoker at Wet Earth Colliery, near Manchester, was found lying dead yesterday.

His death is attributed to the great heat—80 deg. in the shade—registered in South-East Lancashire yesterday.

## TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

22 Cadets Drowned Through Collision  
with British Steamer.

Twenty-two Danish naval cadets were drowned as the result of a collision on Sunday night near Copenhagen.

The drowned lads belonged to the training-ship Georg Stage, which was run down by the British steamer Ancona, of Leith.

The Georg Stage was struck amidships, and nearly cut in two. She sank immediately, before there was time to lower the boats.

A number of the cadets who had been awakened by the commander of the training-ship were able to go straight on board the Ancona.

Many more clung to the masts of the wrecked ship, and the Ancona lowered her boats and saved these.

In all fifty-seven of the cadets were rescued, but the remaining twenty-two were drowned.

The Ancona sprang a leak on the water-line on the port side, but was able to proceed to Copenhagen with the rescued boys on board.

The Ancona is a steamer of 1,245 tons, belonging to Messrs. James Currie and Co., which runs from Leith to Rotterdam, Copenhagen, and Hamburg. The Georg Stage was a one-decker of 200 tons, built at Copenhagen in 1882.

## MOROCCO PERIL.

Dispute Between France and Germany Said  
To Have Taken Unfavourable Turn.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—The Moroccan question has taken a distinctly unfavourable turn. Germany declines to hand the French Government a written Note stating what proposals she is prepared to put forward.

But she is prepared to come to a mere verbal understanding with France, which might be modified by unforeseen circumstances.

According to M. E. Lepelletier, the well-known Nationalist writer, Germany is bitterly disappointed at the imperturbable attitude of France.

He points out with pride that France knows how to keep her head—and her frontiers—and that the war party abroad will find that she will not "leap blindly into the trap laid for her by those who reckoned upon her excitability getting the better of her dignity and prudence."

## "K. OF K." AND LORD CURZON.

High Indian Officials Greatly Perturbed at  
the Crisis.

SIMLA, Monday.—Two special meetings of the Viceroyal Council have been held here since Friday, the day on which Mr. Brodrick's dispatch on the question of the position of the Commander-in-Chief was published.

The situation created by the decision of the Home Government, directly at variance with the views of the Viceroy and the Council, has given rise to all sorts of rumours regarding the position of highly placed officials.

The *Quintanilha* says it is fearful of the consequences if Lord Kitchener is given a free hand; the "Times of India" that India cannot afford the loss of either of the great men who now dominate her affairs.

The "Statesman" describes the decision of the Home Government as a weak electioneering concession to ill-informed public clamour.—Reuter.

## SLAVE OF A VOICE.

Captivated by a Singer, Millionaire Proposes  
After Five Days' Courtship.

Mr. Thomas Ogden, millionaire, head of the Ogden Tobacco Company of England, says a New York cablegram, met the beautiful American soloist, Miss Florence Boese, a week ago at the Hotel Lenox, Massachusetts.

Captivated by her singing, he began a courtship which in five days led to an engagement, and the pair will be married in the autumn.

Though her family is wealthy, the lady preferred to earn her own living by singing in churches.

## CHAMPAGNE AT EPIVENCE A BOTTLE.

In the early days of the siege of Port Arthur Chinese dealers sold the best champagne to the Russians at ten cents (fivepence) a bottle, under the impression that it was soda-water.

Another curious fact stated by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, "Times" correspondent with General Nogi, in a lecture yesterday at the Royal United Service Institution, was that next to fighting the pursuit the Japanese soldier liked best was washing; also, he was much better fed than the stay-at-home citizen.

## GREAT VOTE OF CENSURE DEBATE.

Mr. Brodrick Makes a Fighting  
Speech in His Defence.

## GOVERNMENT ARRAIGNED.

The House of Commons was packed with excited members yesterday to listen to Sir Robert Reid's indictment of the Government in a Vote of Censure prompted by the South African stores scandal. The public galleries were also filled with a brilliant assemblage.

Ministers, however, were tardy in arriving, and when Mr. Arnold-Forster appeared Mr. Swift MacNeill caused great laughter by exclaiming: "The Empire is now safe."

In a speech which extended over an hour, Sir Robert Reid asserted that the stores scandals, involving the loss of six millions, did not stand alone. He blamed the Government for the following:—

The breakdown of the medical service.

The question of the hay contracts.

The remounts scandal.

The Cold Storage Company's dealings.

The questions of forage, freights, jam, and emergency rations.

So long ago as March, 1902, he said, Mr. Brodrick had promised an inquiry into the War Office transactions in regard to the War. "We are now in 1905, and none of the subjects discussed in 1902 have been dealt with."

### MR. BRODRICK INDIGNANT.

Mr. Brodrick followed. In a speech of great warmth he thumped the brass-fringed box with extraordinary vigour and glared with flashing eyes at the Opposition.

"I am accused of incapacity and lack of supervision," he shouted; "but I have never been asked to give evidence before the Butler Committee."

"I therefore welcome this opportunity of explaining my position.

"The loss to the country on these sales has been grossly exaggerated.

"The actual loss to the public, which formed the subject of inquiry by the Butler Committee, realised in all £718,000.

"I estimate that the actual cost of these stores to the public, including freight, was £1,270,000, and the loss, therefore, was not more than 40 per cent. of the value; and having regard to the fact that these stores were subject, to deterioration I do not think that is excessive."

He complained that some calculation of that sort was not included in the Butler report, and that without asking for information from himself or Mr. Chamberlain, the Committee had made damaging attacks which were not sustained by any jot or tittle of evidence.

He described the Butler report as a melodramatic report, instead of a judicial one.

Mr. Gibson Bowles said the war authorities seemed to have been incapable of buying a penny bun for anything less than twopenny, and of selling it for more than a farthing.

As might have been expected the defence made by Mr. Arnold-Forster was quite as emphatic as that of his predecessor, Mr. Brodrick. He contended that these irregularities took place before he assumed office, and directly he heard of them he instituted inquiries.

### RESIGNATIONS DENIED.

In the course of a shower of questions, Mr. Arnold-Forster again denied that General Lyttelton had resigned. Mr. Brodrick said he had not received the resignation of General Elles, as the military member of the Indian Viceroyal Council, and there was no foundation for the report that Lord Curzon had resigned.

## DIARY OF AN M.P.

Coming Inquiry Will Be Serious Matter for  
Many in High Places.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—The debate on the Butler Vote of Censure has opened more favourably for the Government than had been anticipated, but with regard to Mr. Brodrick's speech it is not difficult to see that the coming inquiry may be a serious matter for him, as well as several others in high places.

Following conferences between the two Front Benches, the Government Bill appointing the Royal Commission will be practically unopposed.

I hear the Government is so determined to pass the Aliens Bill this session that they will resort to the closure if necessary.

## THIRTY CHILDREN DROWNED.

LYONS, Monday.—The "Lyon Republican" publishes a telegram from Milan stating that a sad disaster marked a children's excursion on Lake Como yesterday morning. One of the boats containing thirty children capsized, and all were drowned.—Reuter.

## LONDON WELCOMES PRINCE ARISUGAWA.

Prince of Wales Gives Him a Hearty  
Greeting.

## THE QUEEN'S BOUQUET.

England yesterday welcomed to her shores Prince and Princess Arisugawa, who, as representative of Japan, were greeted with many eloquent evidences of the true alliance between the two nations.

It was early in the evening that the distinguished visitors were royally received at Victoria Station by the Prince of Wales in person.

The scene was a brilliant and striking one. Enthusiastic crowds had gathered in the vicinity of the station, and when the Prince of Wales, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, drove up, he was hailed with great cordiality.

His Royal Highness, who looked remarkably well, and was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, and attended by Commander Godfrey Faussett, R.N., and Major Ames.

### A WARM GREETING.

The palatial train conveying the royal visitors entered the station at five o'clock. As soon as he alighted Prince Arisugawa, a picturesque and noticeable figure in the full-dress of an admiral, recognised the Prince of Wales.

With his face beaming with pleasure, and followed by his charming wife, he stepped eagerly forward to greet the Prince, who warmly reciprocated this mark of friendship. No less cordial was the meeting between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Arisugawa.

The distinguished visitors, who, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, drove to York House, were so greatly impressed by, and delighted with, the splendid British greeting they received from the concourse of spectators.

The royal party were escorted by a squadron of the 1st Life Guards.

### SCENES AT DOVER.

The Japanese Prince and Princess had a foretaste of their London welcome when they arrived from Ostend at the Admiralty Pier at Dover on board the steamer *Princess Clementine*.

Viscount Haverhill, the Japanese Naval and Military Attaché, Sir Cordie Stephen, Rear-Admiral Neville, General Sir William Nicholson, and other naval and military officers had travelled down from London to meet them, and on leaving the Lord Warden Hotel these were met by General Grant, commanding the Fifth Division, and his staff, all of whom awaited on the Admiralty Pier the arrival of the royal visitors.

The 1st Buffs provided the guard of honour, which included in its ranks men who were in the British contingent of the Allied forces for the relief of Pekin.

As the steamer approached it was seen that Prince Arisugawa was on the deck, wearing a Japanese admiral's undress uniform.

### THE MUCH ADMIRER PRINCESS.

The Princess, who was very becomingly attired in a blue silk dress, was the object of much admiration from the ladies. Accompanied by General Grant the Prince and Princess inspected the guns of the batteries, the royal party being fired from the Castle batteries. Meanwhile, as they came in front of the tattered colours of the Buffs, a very touching incident occurred. The Prince and Princess both bowed reverently before them. They were then conducted to the state saloon on King Edward's special train, and here the Princess was presented with a magnificent bouquet, which had been sent by Queen Alexandra.

The bouquet consisted of beautiful Marchal Niel and pink roses, and the Princess was evidently delighted with her Majesty's thoughtfulness. The train left for Victoria amidst renewed cheers.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

As Mr. T. R. Brown, a retired stockbroker, was playing golf on the Braid Hills course at Edinburgh yesterday, he was suddenly taken ill and died.

Marengo, the rebel leader, in German South-West Africa, attacked Captain Siebert at Amos, and captured all his ammunition and supplies, the Germans being defeated.

A deputation from 20,000 naturalised Norwegians presented a petition to President Roosevelt yesterday, asking him to recognise the new Norwegian Government as soon as possible.

Both the coachman and footman of the carriage in which King Alfonso and M. Loubet were seated when the attempt was made upon the King's life near the Louvre, have been decorated by the Minister of the Interior for their coolness and presence of mind.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Changeable; close and thundery; local storms; fine intervals. Lighting-up time, 9.18 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth generally.



## "JACK THE INKMAN" STILL ABROAD.

Many More Pretty Frocks Ruined with Inkstains.

### INGENIOUS THEORY.

"Jack the Inkman" was busy again on Ascot Sunday.

This slippery rascal, who spoils ladies' dresses with India ink, ruined at least half a dozen delightful frocks during the day in fashionable London.

His stroll started apparently in the Strand during the hour before morning church time and continued till midnight.

Spotted from Shoulder to Waist.

An American lady staying at the Hotel Cecil walked into the Strand about ten o'clock. An hour later she had returned with the front of her magnificent Prussian blue blouse spotted from the right shoulder diagonally to the waist.

How this happened she cannot tell, but Messrs. Eastman and Co., of Oxford-street, the cleaners to whom she took the blouse yesterday, surmise that "Jack the Inkman" squirted his India ink over her shoulder.

They say that they can clean this blouse, but confess that it will be less easy to deal with a magnificent silver-grey gown, which was also taken to them yesterday, strangely enough, by another American lady staying at the Hotel Cecil.

While Stepping from a Cab.

This second victim of "Jack the Inkman" was walking near Bond-street on Sunday evening when her silver-grey dress received its baptism of ink. She believes the miscreant's work was done as she stepped out of a cab.

It will be remembered that Lady Garioch and other victims whose woes have been related to the *Daily Mirror* were also bespattered by this mad ink-thrower in Bond-street.

In the case of Lady Garioch, as in that of the second American lady mentioned above, the ink spots were scattered down the side of the dress, and appear to defy the art of the cleaner.

In a single modiste's shop in Oxford-street the *Daily Mirror* heard yesterday of four more dresses sent for cleaning.

Bond-street Indignant.

Bond-street, which "Jack the Inkman" specially infests, is beginning to act indignantly. "When are the police going to catch the man?"

The latest theory is that the rascal operates with a rubber tube concealed by the sleeve of his coat, leading to a small reservoir of India ink in an inside pocket. By folding his arms across his chest he is able to squirt a stream of ink without much risk of detection.

The number of dresses spoiled in one day indicates that the supply of ink must be larger than could be contained in a single syringe.

### DUCHESSES AND CHARITY.

Garden Party Sale at Stafford House and Brilliant Carnival at Clifton.

Yesterday afternoon the Duchess of Sutherland held her annual garden-party at Stafford House for the sale of Scotch tweeds, in aid of the Scottish Home Industries Association.

There were many beautiful women selling—the Duchess of Sutherland (wearing a lovely lace dress), Lady Castlereagh, Lady Cromartie, Lady Marjorie Sinclair, the Ladies Graham, Lady George Scott, and a host of others—while Herr Gottlieb's Vienna Orchestra played delightfully.

The carnival promoted by Sir George White to raise £50,000 for the benefit of the Bristol Royal Infirmary was most auspiciously opened yesterday, in the Clifton Zoological Gardens, by the Duchess of Beaufort. The Lord Mayor and sheriffs attended in state, Lady White presided at a flower-stall, and the elite of Somerset and the neighbouring counties were present.

Excursions are being run daily this week from all parts of the country, and Bristol is bedecked with flags.

### NIGHT OF AGONY.

A Dudley dairyman who was knocked down by a Great Western train on Saturday night and shockingly injured, lay undiscovered till Sunday night. In the morning of Sunday he managed to crawl forty yards to the shelter of a bush, and was there found eventually by a dog.

### YOUTHFUL LIFE-SAVER.

A boy of twelve named Conroy sank in a hole several feet deep while bathing in the Ribble near Preston with some companions. Another boy, named Albert Lowe, who had already saved several persons from drowning, plunged in, fully clothed, and rescued him.

## INCOME-TAX HARSHNESS.

Committee Call for More Drastic Measures Against Unhappy Public.

Income-tax payers who hoped that they might benefit through the work of the Departmental Committee on Income-tax will be sadly disappointed by the Committee's report, which was issued as a White-paper yesterday.

"Nearly every recommendation the Committee have made will affect the taxpayer disadvantageously," said Mr. Scarf, managing director of the Income-tax Adjustment Agency.

"We are glad to state," says the Committee, "that no very drastic alterations seem to us to be necessary in the administration of the income-tax."

But the report adds that in the sphere where the taxpayer has to assess his own income there is abundant evidence "of a substantial amount of fraud and evasion." This, it suggests, should be met by a more drastic use of the powers possessed by the authorities. The penalty of a £20 fine and treble the duty was too slight in cases of willful evasion.

It is also suggested that the penalty for not filing and returning papers should be more regularly enforced. An addressed post-free envelope sent with the papers would, the Committee think, make people less inclined to put them in the waste-paper basket.

The Committee do not approve of the three years' average plan. Altogether the report is disappointing in the extreme.

### CLODBURST'S FREAKS.

Washes Away Great Stretches of Railway Line and Road.

During a thunderstorm which broke over Lochaber on Sunday damage of so serious a nature was done to the West Highland Railway line that a cloudburst or waterspout is inferred.

About a dozen portions of the line have been washed away, leaving huge gaps in the embankment, bridged only by the rails.

Similar mishaps have occurred on the public road between Fortwilliam and Kingussie, which has withstood the storms of centuries.

The thunderstorm was singularly limited in its area, no rain falling outside a radius of ten miles.

### PANIC AMONG GIRLS.

Francie Plunge Into a Canal To Escape from Blazing Timber.

A frantic rush of workgirls followed an outbreak of fire in a large timber-yard in Verner-road, Cambridge Heath, E., yesterday. They were employed at the back of the premises, and alarmed by the loud explosion of a gas-engine, which caused the fire, found their retreat cut off by a huge sheet of flame.

Madly they climbed over great stacks of wood, a number reaching safety by means of a barge which ferried them across the adjacent canal. One girl, panic-stricken, leaped into the water. But none were seriously hurt.

So quickly was the yard ablaze that nearly the whole of the London Fire Brigade was on the scene in half an hour. The damage is estimated at £200,000.

### FEAR OF CATS.

Manifestations of Dislike, Even When the Offending Creatures Are Invisibly.

It is well known that many persons instinctively dislike cats. Their presence causes fear, terror, disgust—in extreme cases lockjaw, nausea, hysterical convulsions, and even temporary blindness.

In a paper which Dr. Weir Mitchell has contributed to "American Medicine" he gives details of some novel manifestations of "cat terror," or alurophobia, as the sonorous scientific denomination. Two persons he knows of who are apt to have dreams of cats, what one of them calls "cat mares."

Five persons are always uneasy in the presence of the greater cat-eared tigers or lions. On the other hand, a celebrated soldier, used to tiger-hunting, is terrified only by the tame cat.

In many families the weakness is common to several or all the members in varying degree. The most frequent symptom is oppressed breathing, whether the cat is visible or not.

### OBELISK DISAPPEARING.

Workmen commenced yesterday the work of removing the historic Obelisk, from St. George's Close, Southwark, to the grounds of "Bedlam" circus by.

For a hundred and thirty-four years the Obelisk, which commemorates the successful upholding of the liberties of the Press, has stood in its present position. Now it is to be succeeded by an ornamental clock tower costing £4,000.

## KING AND CADETS.

His Majesty Among the Military Students at Sandhurst.

### ELOQUENT SPEECH.

Brilliant weather favoured the King's visit to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst yesterday. His Majesty, wearing a field-marshal's undress uniform, drove up in his motor-car shortly before noon.

His Majesty was accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir John French, Colonel the Hon. H. Legge, Count Gleichen, and Colonel Congreve, V.C.

As they marched past the saluting point the cadets presented a very smart appearance. After this they were drawn up on three sides of a square round the steps on which His Majesty stood.

The King's Speech.

Walking down into the middle of the square his Majesty said:—

Gentlemen Cadets, it has long been my wish to pay you a visit, and I am glad to have been able to come here in such fine weather. I am very much gratified to see such smartness. It is satisfactory to me and gratifying to those who instruct you.

Remember that much is expected of the British officer, and I impress on you that you should make good use of your time, learn all you can, and pass good examinations. In this way cadets will be a credit to themselves and to whatever regiment or corps they are attached.

You have my best wishes for the present and for the future. With such a fine body of young men as I see before me I feel there is every prospect that the British Army will accomplish whatever it may be called upon to perform.

I am very pleased to see you all, and I dismiss the parade.

Colonel Kitson, the commandant, then called for "Cheers for the King," which 360 enthusiastic cadets gave vociferously. His Majesty, visibly impressed, stepped forward again and thanked them.

Next a visit was paid to the mess-rooms and studies of A, B, and C Companies, and to the chapel. The King expressed himself well pleased with all he saw.

Re-entering his motor-car, his Majesty went to the Oak Grove Field, where he watched the Mounted Infantry Company of the 4th, or senior, division, trot, gallop, and jump.

A Thousand Children Sing.

On the way back the King paid a short visit to the Staff College. As he passed the national school at York Town a thousand school-children, accompanied by the Camberley Children's String Band, sang the National Anthem.

The King thoroughly enjoyed the incident, and shook hands with some veterans present. The children were given a holiday for the remainder of the day.

### SAILOR PRINCES AFLOAT.

Royal Naval Manœuvres on Virginia Water Cause the Youngsters Intense Delight.

Prince Eddy is already showing a strong propensity of "a life on the ocean wave."

On Sunday afternoon, accompanied by Prince Albert and Princess Victoria, he paid a visit to his brig, King Edward VII., on Virginia Water. After tea at the Fishing Temple, the little Princes each took an oar, and assisted by the King's watermen, pulled the rest of the party across to the brig.

On board they ran about everywhere, Prince Eddy in particular, running up and lowering the flags at the mast-head.

They would have climbed high into the rigging but for the watchful eye of Mr. Hansell, their tutor.

### IRISH PEER DEAD.

The death of Viscount Massereene, a member of one of the oldest families in Ireland, took place in London yesterday.

Only last May the dead peer lost his eldest son, the Hon. Oriel John Foster-Skeffington. The second son, the Hon. Algernon Foster-Skeffington, therefore succeeds to the title.

Lord Massereene's widow is a daughter of Major J. Whyte-Mcville, the famous writer of hunting stories.

### SUBMARINE VICTIMS—VERDICT.

That Cusack was drowned and that the fourteen others were asphyxiated by some unknown poisonous gas was the verdict of the jury at the conclusion last night of the inquest on the victims of the submarine A8 disaster.

Ten shillings a week for life has been bequeathed to his cabinman, Thomas Froud, of Lambeth, by Mr. Truman, M.R.C.S., of The Homefield, Putney Hill, and Old Burlington-street, surgeon-dentist, who died in April, aged eighty-six.

## MARYKATE TRAGEDY.

Spanish Chauffeur Sentenced to Six Months' Imprisonment.

At the Hertford Assizes yesterday the trial took place of Rocco Cornalbas, the young Spanish chauffeur, who was indicted for having, at Marykate on April 18 last, feloniously killed a child named Willie Henry Clifton, four and a half, who, it was alleged, was knocked down and run over by a motor-car driven by the defendant.

The chauffeur was defended by Mr. Arthur Gill.

Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., stated that he proposed to show that Cornalbas was driving a motor-car at considerably greater speed than the legal limit, and was consequently guilty of manslaughter.

Learned counsel added that witnesses would also state that Cornalbas did not modify his pace after the accident, although his two passengers must have known that the boy was struck.

Alfred Durrant, of Marykate, described the accident, and he was followed by Morris Seymour, of St. Albans, who said that on the afternoon he was cycling towards Marykate, when the car came up behind him at what he considered thirty miles an hour.

In cross-examination he admitted that the statements given by him to the police as to the distance and speed at which the car was travelling were not accurate.

Travelling "Fastish."

J. Hobbs, the Hertfordshire County Council foreman, thought the car was going at twenty-four to twenty-six miles an hour. It approached Marykate cottages at that rate.

By Mr. Gill: He could not say what pace the car went at as it approached the cottages, as there was a lot of dust.

According to Arthur Cinstey, a bricklayer's labourer, the car was going at thirty miles an hour at least, but slackened speed after the accident.

By Mr. Gill: When the boy Clifton came out from the back of the cart there were some twelve yards between him and the approaching motor-car.

Another carter named John Gault, who was in charge of three horses, described the speed of the car as "fastish." The horn was sounded as the car approached him.

For the defence Mr. Gill called Cornalbas to give evidence on his own behalf. He said that during the journey he might have gone twenty miles an hour on the open road, but he had slowed down whilst passing through villages. In Marykate he was going at from twelve to sixteen miles an hour.

When he saw the boy Clifton he put on both foot and hand brakes, and the car swerved. The boy seemed to touch the midguard.

Cornalbas was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

### "PARIAS" MOTOR-BOATS.

Must Be Kept Separate from Other Craft Pending New By-laws.

Thames lock-keepers have now been officially instructed that no motor-boat or launch driven by the agency of any inflammable spirit, oil or gas, is to be admitted to any lock at the same time as rowing boats, punts, canoes, dinghies, or sailing-boats. As a further precaution bins containing sand are to be placed on each side of every lock below Oxford, for use in case of the ignition of oil or spirit.

In making their report on the subject to the Thames Conservancy yesterday the Upper River Committee said that Dr. Boverton Redwood and Captain Thomson, H.M. Chief Inspector of Explosives, had advised that the use of petrol launches under present conditions constituted a menace to the safety of occupants of the river, especially when in the locks.

New by-laws would at once be prepared and advertised containing regulations which had been agreed to by the principal motoring associations, but in the meantime the above order must be rigidly enforced.

### MOTOR FISHING-BOAT.

A useful motor-boat has just left the Forth for London.

In appearance it is an ordinary fishing-boat, but in the cabin is a small paraffin motor, which will make her independent of fickle breezes.

## On Saturday Next

The New Serial Story to follow "Lost in the Winning" will begin in the "Daily Mirror."

Don't Forget Saturday Next.



## COMEDY OF LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Pantry Idyll Leads to Action Against  
a Peer.

## LORD NORREYS'S ANGER.

Excited by Alleged Flirtation Between His  
Butler and Cook.

One of the grand old traditions that govern the etiquette of the servants' hall is that the butler must not pinch the cook.

Therefore, when Mary Mercer, lately in the employment of Lord and Lady Norreys as cook, was accused by her master and mistress of allowing herself to be pinched by George Daw, the butler, at their town house, Norfolk-square, Hyde Park, she felt that the slight could only be wiped out by an action for slander.

This action was begun before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a special jury yesterday.

Not only was she told that she had been pinched, complained the cook, but she was informed that the street was the proper place for her. His lordship and her ladyship in dismissing her had applied to her terms that no self-respecting cook could pass over.

### The Cook and the Butler.

Lord and Lady Norreys deny that they used these terms, and that their cast reflections on the cook's moral character. Their ground for dismissing the cook was that she and the butler forgot the dignity appertaining to their several positions and set an example of frivolity to the younger servants. These lapses from decorum were subdivided as follows:—

The cook and the butler locked themselves in the pantry together.

They once got into the plate cupboard together and shut the door.

They sat up together when the other female servants had gone to bed.

They spent some time in the scullery together. The unkindest cut of all in the eyes of the cook was that, when discharging her, Lady Norreys told her that the best thing she could do was to marry the butler.

It was Lord Norreys who broke the news to the cook that her manners had been criticised—by the charwoman of all people in the world!

The charwoman had complained to her (the charwoman's) husband, and the charwoman's husband had written to Lord Norreys.

"When I saw the charwoman's husband's letter in his lordship's hands," said the cook, who gave her evidence in the manner of an injured stage heroine, "and heard what was in it, I said, 'Do you mean to say that the charwoman's husband has written a letter about me. How dreadful!'"

There was the ring of the tragedy queen in the cook's voice as she pointed out the charwoman among the witnesses, and cried out: "There she is. That is Mrs. Vermouth."

### "His Little Mary."

Mr. Dickens, K.C., when he cross-examined, suggested that the butler called the cook "his little darling" and "his little Mary."

The cook's indignation was almost worthy of a Le Burg.

The butler had not pinched her; he had not been in a cupboard with her; he always treated her with the respect due to a cook and a fellow-servant. Statements to the contrary were a cruel, wicked conspiracy on the part of the charwoman.

There was great curiosity to see the hero of the alleged pinching. The butler's face wore a look of offended dignity as he advanced into the witness-box with as much grace as if he were entering a dining-room with a decanter.

Although a young man, and as yet lacking the embonpoint and grey whiskers necessary to make him an ideal butler, he soon made the Court aware that he treasures the traditions of his office, and that pinching cooks is abhorrent to him.

But at the same time he was perfectly candid. It is permissible, so it seems, for a butler in his lighter moments to kiss the housemaid—discreetly and with all due respect. He had not only tried to kiss the housemaid at Lord Norreys's, but had succeeded. (Loud laughter.)

### Made "Smacking" Noises.

The butler had never kissed the cook. The nearest he permitted himself to get to it was by making "smacking noises" with his lips in imitation of kissing in her presence.

And (contemptuously) he had never kissed the French maid or the charwoman.

"Have you kissed other than the housemaids at previous places?" counsel suggested slyly.

The candid butler was quite ready to admit it, and, although people laughed, he preserved his dignity in an admirable manner as he made the admission.

Before the case was adjourned Lord Norreys, giving evidence, referred to the reluctance with which he had to part with a cook of such culinary skill.

## BARRED FROM THE PARK.

Ukase Against Motor-Cars Executed  
with Russian Rigour.

Yesterday afternoon the new motor-car regulation, which forbids cars entering Hyde Park between four and seven o'clock, came into force. The regulation applies not only to open cars, but to the electric broughams which have already taken the place of the horse carriage in many households.

For the due enforcement of the regulation, extra police were stationed at each of the principal gates.

At Hyde Park-corner by each of the ingoing gates a large notice board proclaimed that "By order no motor vehicles are admitted between 4 and 7 p.m." At four o'clock two inspectors in white gloves and three or four extra policemen sauntered up to the gates and posted themselves in the vicinity.

But no outrages occurred, no assaults were committed. Three cars made for the gates before fifteen minutes had passed, but not one of them got as much as its bonnet through.

"No cars allowed in, you see the notices," repeated the police, and dignified coachmen, whose clean-shaven faces betokened a lifelong acquaintanceship with the horse, walked solemnly to the gatekeepers as they passed through the gates.

One car only offended, and the error, if intentional, was technical. It was an electric brougham, and was snugly anchored at the side of the road beneath the trees.

For ten minutes it escaped the eye of the white-gloved inspector. Then he sent a tall policeman, who, through the windows, reasoned with the ladies in the car.

"We came before four, and it says nothing about going out, only about coming in."

The constable stroked his moustache thoughtfully. "Can't 'elp it, y'r ladyship," he said, "my orders is all cars out after four."

"I shall appeal," replied the lady, and nodded to the chauffeur, who slowly engineered the car out into Piccadilly.

## NOT TOO OLD AT SIXTY.

Unpaid Work, in Which There is a Demand  
for the Elderly.

A gentleman summoned to attend as a juror before Dr. Wyna Westcott at Hackney Coroner's Court yesterday claimed exemption on the ground that he was over sixty years of age.

The Coroner: "You are exempt from being on the jury list if you like to take the trouble to get your name removed if you are over sixty, but it is no part of my duty to do it for you."

"Even if I let you go I am entitled to take the first man met in the street, and that would probably be you. Besides, we want men of experience on juries."

"One man over sixty does a lot of good amongst a number of youngsters from twenty-one to twenty-five. It would be an infinite pity to have them all taken off the jury list."

## RUIED BY MOTOR-CARS.

Hopes of Profit Lead to Embezzlement of  
£4,000 Trust Funds.

The hope of making a fortune out of motor-cars led to the downfall of Thomas Maxwell, sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to fifteen months' hard labour for embezzling between £200 and £300, moneys of the Arneway's Loan Trust.

Maxwell was a clerk in the employment of Mr. W. Rogers, solicitor to the trust. He was appointed "inquirer" to the trust, and so put in a position to embezzle no less than £4,141 of the funds.

The money was invested in a motor-car business at Penge, Maxwell basing his hopes on a "patent canopy." The business failed, however, and Maxwell was made insolvent.

It was stated in court that Mr. Rogers, Maxwell's employer, would refund the £4,000.

## ARMY OF UNDESIRABLES.

Baron Robert Stenberg, the Russian Consul-General, giving evidence in a case yesterday at the Guildhall, said he was continually being troubled by indigent Russians, but had not funds to assist them.

According to the last Blue-book, he said, there were over 60,000 Russians in this country.

## SCRIPTURE NOT SUFFICIENT.

The first applicant to Mr. Horace Smith yesterday asked: "Can I have a separation from my wife, sir?"

The Magistrate: On what grounds?

The Applicant: Wives obey your husbands. The Magistrate: That is no ground at all. Next application, please.

## KALID MACLEAN'S DIVORCE PETITION.

Romance of Adventurous Scotch-  
man's Life in Morocco.

## STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

Kalid Sir Harry Maclean, the "Scottish Moor," whose fame as the reorganiser of the Sultan of Morocco's army, is known throughout the world, presented a petition for divorce in the Law Courts yesterday.

The petition, which was postponed for a fortnight, was on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife, Lady Kathleen Maclean (née Coe), with Mr. Spencer Lewis Mortimer, at Tangier.

Other actions were pending, said Mr. Priestley, between Kalid Maclean and his wife at Gibraltar, and the lady's presence was necessary there.

It was just after his marriage that Kalid Maclean started on his wonderful career in Northern Africa.

In 1876 Sir Harry Maclean was a young subaltern in the Garrison Artillery at Gibraltar. While off duty one day he met and promptly fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl, whom he married.

Thereafter he had a disagreement with the authorities, and young Maclean taking his wife



KALID SIR HARRY MACLEAN.  
(Lafayette.)

with him quietly crossed the narrow straits one day and entered Morocco.

There he quickly got into favour with the late Sultan, and was made instructor of troops. His rise was progressive, and he was soon one of the greatest men in Morocco.

He was, and is, a man of immense physical as well as mental power. Concerning his herculean strength, many humorous stories are told.

## AN UP-TO-DATE WORK.

Part 8 of the Famous "Harmsworth Encyclo-  
pædia" Will Be Ready To-day.

The eighth fortnightly instalment of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia"—the only complete and up-to-date encyclopædia ever offered at a popular price—is on sale to-day. It costs sevenpence, and for the price of an evening newspaper provides the purchaser with a complete résumé of the world's knowledge.

Each fortnightly part of this great work of reference contains 160 pages, profusely illustrated with maps, photographs, and diagrams, and dealing concisely but fully with over 1,200 separate subjects, each being the work of a living expert. So thoroughly up-to-date is this encyclopædia, that each article is kept open till the actual day of going to press, in order that the latest facts and figures may be given.

The publishers have also arranged to bind subscribers' copies in various styles, from plain cloth to the most sumptuous leather binding. These bindings are the best ever made, and are provided in six styles, ranging from half a crown to eight shillings. A coloured plate showing each style of binding will be found in Part 8 of the encyclopædia. The six-shilling style, in half-calf or half-morocco, is specially recommended for its beauty and its durable qualities.

Hand the parts to your bookseller or newsagent, who can give you full particulars regarding these beautiful publishers' bindings, or send direct to the publishers, address: Binding Department, 8, Plumtree-court, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

## TREASURES IN SILVER.

Set of Apostle Spoons Which Would  
Be Worth £4,900 Complete.

At no time have art objects realised such high prices at auction as at present. This accounts for the large number of valuable pictures, jewels, and books to be sold at Christie's and elsewhere during the next fortnight.

The remarkable collection of silver plate formed by the late Rev. B. P. Symons, D.D., Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, is to be disposed of to-morrow.

One lot sure to arouse remarkable bidding is an almost complete set of Charles I. Apostle spoons, bearing the London hall mark for 1637. A complete set of thirteen of these spoons is a rare occurrence in the sale room, one of the last sets sold going for £4,900.

The present set, unfortunately, lacks the "St. Matthew."

## DESPOILER OF CHILDREN.

Little Innocent Stripped of Boots and Chest  
Protector on a Wet Day.

For mean thefts from children at West Ham and Plaistow, Maud Tucker, a young servant-girl, was yesterday sentenced at the Old Bailey to fifteen months' hard labour.

In one instance she stopped a little boy, and took from him a watch and chain, saying she would have it mended.

She robbed another youngster of twenty-three pairs of knickerbockers he was carrying from a tailor's shop.

The worst case of all, however, was that of a robbery committed on a wet day. She had stripped a little boy of his boots, shirt, and chest-protector, with the result that the poor little fellow caught a violent cold.

## DEFIED THE COURT.

Baronet's Letter Refusing To Return to His  
Deserted Wife.

"I have no intention of complying with the order, and refuse to obey it."

This curt "intimation" was read in the Divorce Court yesterday. It was written by Sir Philip Bryan Grey Egerton in India when he was directed by the Divorce Court to return to his wife, Lady Mary Caroline Campbell Grey Egerton.

In consequence of her husband's refusal to return to her Lady Grey Egerton brought a petition for divorce.

Lady Grey Egerton, who wore a costume of black trimmed with black lace, was only a short time in the witness-box.

Evidence was given that Sir Philip had been unfaithful to his wife after he deserted her, and then a decree nisi was granted, with custody of the children of the marriage.

## BRIDE TIRED OF LIFE.

Commits Suicide with Her Husband's Photo-  
graph by Her Side.

After nine weeks of married life, Mr. Charles G. Anger, of Carlton-grove, S.W., has just lost his wife under very pathetic and tragic circumstances.

When he returned home on Friday evening he found Mrs. Anger, whom he left in good health, dead by the bedside.

There was a vertical wound in the throat, and she had shot herself in the head with a revolver. By her side was her husband's photograph.

The husband told the coroner that his wife seemed to be worrying because she had not heard from her friends.

Mrs. Risley, with whom Mrs. Anger had lived for some time before her marriage, said the young wife was a Swede, and seemed quite happy when she saw her a few days before her death.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

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## VARSITY CRICKET TEAMS COMPARED.

Oxford the Stronger Batting Side—  
Cantabs' Good Bowling.

## BOWLEY'S GREAT INNINGS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

With the University match booked for next week, the work of Oxford and Cambridge is being closely watched by the supporters of both Varsityes.

Neither showed to great advantage yesterday, the Oxford bowling being rather knocked about by Surrey, while the M.C.C. did the same for Cambridge. The Cantabs, however, had the worst day of the two, as their batting fell down badly against the bowling of Thompson.

The wicket at Lord's was by no means easy when Mann won the toss and elected to bat first. The wicket looked as if it had been played on before, and there were some holes in it which helped a fast bowler a lot.

Only Mann and Payne ever looked like getting runs against Thompson. Mann played a very fine innings indeed, which, by the way, is a habit of his just now. His leg-placing and driving was especially good, though he took very few liberties. After lunch he had a dig, seeing that the side were

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Queen Alexandra kept a daily journal during her recent Mediterranean cruise, and arrangements have now been completed for the publication of a limited number of copies of it for presentation to intimate friends of the Royal Family.

Oliver Cromwell was the name to which a man, fined for drunkenness, answered at Tower Bridge Court yesterday.

Tablets are being affixed to the church of Bromley St. Leonard, Bow, bearing the names of all the vicars of this ancient parish.

Mr. N. L. Cohen (Unionist) and Mr. J. Allen Baker (Liberal) were nominated yesterday for the parliamentary vacancy in the East Finsbury Division. Polling takes place on Thursday.

Members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, who have been on a visit to London, left Euston yesterday on their provincial tour. They travelled through the heart of the Black Country last night.

Flower-girls who have been removed by the police from St. John's-road, Clapham Junction, to the Northcote-road adjoining, have decided to appeal to the Butterssea Borough Council. Tradesmen in St. John's-road complained that they injured their business.

In a separation case heard at Bridgend the wife said her husband returned home intoxicated one night and took the coffin containing their child's dead body under his arm and ran out of the house into the street with it. A police-sergeant chased him on horseback.

Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, is lying seriously ill at Bishop Auckland.

Whilst in search of sand martins' nests on the face of a steep bank, a Leicester boy named Sidney Carter missed his hold, and, falling into the river, was drowned.

Mushrooms are plentiful in Leicestershire and North Midlands, a Leicester farmer gathering two dry loads in one morning.

Mr. W. C. Steadman, L.C.C., has been nominated by no fewer than ten unions for the post of secretary to the parliamentary committee of the Trade Union Congress.

Stung on the thumb by a large viper at Allerston, Mr. George Morris, a Scarborough butcher, found that his right arm had swollen to such an extent that he had to receive medical treatment.

In his search for flowers, Sidney Toogood, aged seven, fell over the cliff at Penarth Head, near Cardiff. He bumped and rolled a distance of nearly 200ft., but miraculously escaped with a broken collar-bone and a few cuts.

Lambeth Guardians have decided, as an experiment, to appoint for a year four doctors of their own for the medical districts of Brixton, in preference to having the work done by medical men who have private practices as well.

Not only were the windows of a house at Morriston, near Swansea, blown out by an explosion of gas following the ignition of a match in a room where the escape occurred, but the roof was lifted off and three people were seriously burnt.

## STOCK MARKETS AGAIN HEAVY.

Improvement Delayed Till Morocco  
Affair Is Settled.

## RAILS DEPRESSED.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—Stock markets have again been heavy to-day. For one thing it was the eve of the carry-over, being mining carry-over day, and for another people want the Morocco difficulty cleared up before they see their way to take any liberties with markets. The disposition which the Bourses showed on Saturday to keep their heads rather better than we did was followed to-day by another slight show of returning confidence. Still, something more definite is wanted before the market recovers its equanimity.

There was a very cheering circumstance to-day in the low rate at which the Government succeeded in placing its six months' Treasury bills. It came as a surprise to the banking circles, as well as to the Stock Exchange. On the other hand, the Paris inquiry for gold continues, and that being the case, though it is no longer openly to be explained by the ordinary half-yearly requirements, Consols did not close with as much response as the stock might otherwise have shown to the Treasury bills allotment. Consols have been as low as 89 13-16 in the morning. They were then fully 90 1-16, but they close 90. On the whole the gilt-edged group was better than was the case at the end of last year.

### HOME RAILS DOWN.

Depression is still the rule in the Home Railway section, and, of course, the utter absence of investment support made it easy to depress markets just before the carry-over. Hulls were a weak spot, and lost a full point.

The Brighton traffic, too, was discouraging. Consequently there is less disposition to talk of fine weather helping passenger receipts, and there is to-day an almost unbroken series of declines.

For some days past American Rails have shown a tendency to divorce themselves from the surrounding depression and to act as a good example for other markets. At the opening to-day it did not look as though this rule was to be maintained. We put prices below the New York level, being ill-disposed to take risks on our own account.

But New York was in no uncertain mood in the afternoon. To-day the half-yearly options expire, and there was a tendency to secure options of stock three months ahead.

Just before the carry-over, the market in a lot of those Foreign Rails which have been such speculative favourites recently was inclined to droop, owing to profit-taking sales. Everybody who came into the market was read a seller, and the dealers were prepared for him accordingly. So Antofagasta, United of Havana, Leopoldina, and several others were lower.

### FOREIGN BOURSES BRIGHTER.

The Foreign Bourses were not at all in an unsatisfactory frame of mind, considering the Morocco question. Most of the favourite stocks were a little inclined to improve, though not much change could be found as a result of the day's business. But Japanese issues were somewhat dull. For instance, the new scrip was only 2½ premium. The rail, which took place in Rio Tinto and other copper shares was entirely due to the improvement in Americas.

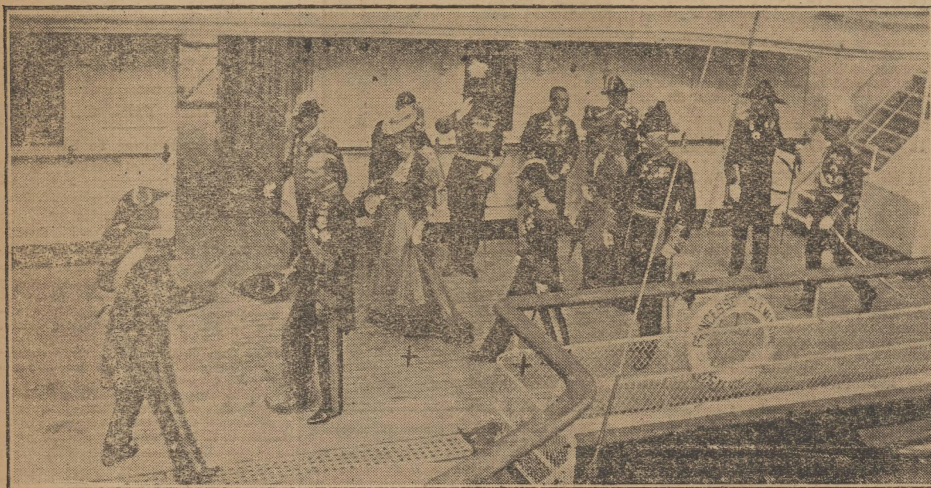
Quite a small feature of the day was the slight improvement in Kafirs during the afternoon. In the morning they had been depressed, and it was said that it was partly due to the suicide of a well-known Paris stockbroker who was interested. The account open for the rise was quite large enough after all. The somewhat stiffer carry-over rates were due to the delivery of a good many shares in Paris. Paris, however, to advise you to sacrifice your Kafirs over now for quite a number of days past. There was also a better Westralian market. Here there was a good Great Boulder cablegram about developments at depth. The West African market was rather weak. There seemed to be a good "bear" account open in Vassau, and the letters relating to the rights of the new shares were available to-day.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BONDS (Rahpek): (1) The firm in question usually charge liberally, and are undesirable in other ways. We will care, however, to advise you to sacrifice your instalments. (2) Panama £3 17s. 6d., Ottoman £5 1s. 3d. —TEXTILES (Whirlpool): Hold them.

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## PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARISUGAWA AT DOVER YESTERDAY.



A snapshot of the arrival of our royal Japanese guests at Dover yesterday afternoon. The positions of the Prince and Princess are indicated by crosses. Receiving them with outstretched hand is Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London.

playing without confidence, but the last three or four wickets fell so quickly that he had not time to reach the half century.

Payne played a characteristic innings, having a tap at everything at all on the far-up side, and making some wonderful shots. Finally he was caught at the wicket while attempting to hit Thompson round the corner. He said that during the end of his innings the ball was very difficult to see from the pavilion end, as heavy clouds rendered the light bad.

One reason for the Varsity's cheap dismissal was the extreme pace of the wicket. At Brighton last week-end the wicket was comparatively slow, owing to the amount of grass on the pitch. Yesterday at Lord's it was very quick, the ball being inclined to pop up at intervals, and a good many of the Cantabs were simply beaten by pace.

When the M.C.C. went in Captain Wynyard went for the bowling bald-headed, making magnificent shots all round the wicket. The only bowlers to keep him at all quiet were Morcom and Hopley, both of whom appealed confidently against him for leg before, but without success.

### NAPIER THE BEST BOWLER.

These two bowled the best of the Cambridge crowd, who were immensely weakened by the absence of Napier, who is standing down for a rest. Mann depends a tremendous lot on Napier in handling his bowling, which is hardly surprising, as some good judges consider Napier the best amateur bowler of the day.

Oxford managed to out Surrey for 276, a sort of honours-easy score on a good Oval wicket. The Oxford bowling is not quite varied enough to get wickets very cheaply, as Udall, Evans, Henley, and Martin are all fast right-hand more or less of the

(Continued on page 14.)

At Newdigate, near Dorking, a gamekeeper fatally shot his thirteen-year-old nephew through his gun accidentally going off.

Seized with a fit while on the look-out in the crowd of the ss. Aragon, a sailor named Hansen fell to the deck and was killed whilst the vessel was steaming up the Mersey Channel.

Mr. Charles Arnold, of Beckenham, the well-known entertainer, who died with such tragic suddenness just after singing "Take Off Your Hat to the King," at the Savage Club, left estate of the gross value of £5,400.

The Bow Ratepayers' Association has passed a resolution requesting the Local Government Board to hold an inquiry into the causes of the present high rates of the borough of Poplar, which now stand at 12s. in the pound per annum.

Charged at Liverpool with stealing jewellery, Michael Nolan pleaded that when pursued he "acted like a gentleman and refrained from indulging in the usual practice of throwing away the stolen articles among the crowd."

Reprehensible though it may be to advertise meetings by writing with chalk on the footpath, the Bradford stipendiary holds that the pavement is not a place within the meaning of the by-law, and has dismissed the summons brought against the Bradford Independent Labour Party for resorting to this method.

The Recorder, at the opening of the June session of the Central Criminal Court, advised the Grand Jury to return a true bill in the case in which Henry N. Brailsford and Arthur Muir McCulloch were indicted for conspiring to obtain from the Foreign Secretary a passport with intent to secure its fraudulent use by another person.

Settling on one of the horses of a roundabout at the village fair at Wetwang (Yorkshire), a swarm of bees stuck to it so persistently that the wooden steed had to be detached.

Without the option of a fine two men were sent to gaol by the Skipton (Yorkshire) magistrates for poisoning with chloride of lime a trout stream between Barnoldswick and Earby.

An unpleasant experience befell a Sowerby Bridge (Yorkshire) wedding party. They were returning home in a cab, when the horse suddenly dropped dead on a hill, with the result that the vehicle commenced to run backwards. Luckily it ran into the side of the road, and the party got out and walked.

Sent to draw her father's wages at Hull a little girl named Celia Douglas slipped and broke her thigh. Before being taken to the infirmary she asked someone in the crowd to collect the money for her, and a man who volunteered to do so has decamped with £2 15s., the sum he obtained on the child's behalf.

Through a misunderstanding between two departments of the Bradford Corporation, two hundred men employed at the Frizinghall Sewage Works were left without their week's wages on Saturday. After waiting several hours, they walked to the town hall, but found it closed, and only obtained their money yesterday.

Captain John W. Jennings, ex-commander of the White Star Line, Liverpool, has sailed longer in the mercantile marine than any captain now living. He is in his eighty-eighth year, and his period of service at sea totals fifty-four years and seven months. A long time ago Admiral Togo, then a cadet, was one of his ship's company.



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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1905.

## A GRAVE NATIONAL PERIL.

NO one who reads the newspapers can have failed to notice how full they have been lately of appalling cases of drunken women's crimes.

In one a little boy was guarding his dead father's coffin against the bibulous violence of his mother. In another a policeman told how an intoxicated woman had been swinging her baby round and round her head. Such horrors are reported daily.

Even apart from these awful examples, large numbers of women who would shudder to be classed with them are losing their self-respect in this matter of drink. It is far more common than it used to be to see women in public-houses, and those who know the homes of the poor know to what a disastrous extent secret tipping goes on in them.

This is a very grave national evil; we ought to face it and stamp it out. A drunken woman is not only the most revolting and painful sight imaginable. She is a danger to the race.

The children she brings into the world will be degenerates of the worst type, and any chance they might have of developing into useful men and women will be ruined for want of careful upbringing and training on sound lines.

It is no use to hold little conferences and to talk about improving the physique of the British race by a new system of district visiting while this hideous canker is gnawing and poisoning the heart of our national life. Let us concentrate upon this and reform it altogether.

The way to do that effectually is to forbid the sale of intoxicating drink to women in public-houses, except with meals; and only to allow grocers to supply married women with liquor upon receipt of a written request from their husbands.

It may sound a startling remedy, but that is the kind of remedy we require. Desperate ill must be relieved by desperate appliances. There is no means but this to check the growth of an evil which has attained grievous proportions, and which threatens the future with most sinister forebodings.

We must not be alarmed by the "liberty of the subject" bogey. We do not allow people to put obstructions on the railway lines when a train is about passing. We still reckon suicide to be a crime against the community. Far more ought we to deprive women of the liberty to ruin the lives of future generations.

Even from the point of view of public decency, much could be said in favour of such a law. An Athenian Judge once had an unsavoury case before him, and requested all respectable women to leave the court. Then, seeing that some did not move, he added: "The ushers will now remove those disreputable creatures who remain."

There can be no excuse for any woman not knowing what calamities, both to herself and to the future, must follow in the train of drinking to excess. If she will not of her own accord eschew the evil thing, and prove herself worthy of respect, she cannot expect to be treated as anything but a disgrace to her sex.

The law would make no difference whatever to decent, sober women. It would only affect those who cannot safely be trusted with freedom, those whom the community has every right and every reason to control.

H. H. F.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Life often seems but a shipwreck, whose fragments are friendship, glory, and love. The shores of life that we pass are covered with these derelicts.—*Mme. de Staël.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCE and Princess Gustavus Adolphus have obviously determined to see some of the most picturesque corners of Ireland during their stay over there. When they go to the Killarney Lakes they will visit Lord and Lady Kenmare at Killarney House. Lord Kenmare's father built this house, to faithful imitation of Elizabethan models, some twenty-five years ago, but its modernity is concealed by beautiful creepers and the use of old bricks in the building. The chapel, as befits the house of a Roman Catholic family, is gorgeously decorated with marbles brought from Italy. Another remarkable feature in the house itself are the door-handles, all made of old enamelled watch-cases, and so valuable that one is almost afraid to open any of the doors.

If it be true that the Emperor Menelik is about to visit Europe, we may expect some enlightening incidents as a result of his contact with Western manners. Menelik is indeed by no means an enlightened ruler. The degree of his enlightenment may be measured by comparing him with his

knocking down M. Duval's cabin and leaving the Duval family buried beneath its ruins.

The illness of the Bishop of Durham, which is causing his friends a good deal of anxiety, has been brought on, I understand, almost entirely by overwork. Dr. Moule has never really known what it is to be idle. When he was at Cambridge, and Principal of Ridley Hall, he used to be teaching, preaching, and writing letters from morning till night. The letters, in particular, used to arrive in gigantic batches from curates trained by Dr. Moule, writing to him for advice or encouragement from all the corners of the earth, and the Principal always answered them himself. Perhaps the Bishop inherits this gift for self-sacrifice from his father, who was renowned in Dorsetshire as a latter-day saint.

Thomas Hardy, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," has drawn a sketch of this wonderful old man as the father of Angel Clare, while the Bishop of Durham appears in the book as the Rev. Cuthbert. Dr. Moule himself can remember how true the novelist's picture is, and how his father used to spend

speeches ever heard was delivered by Mr. Depew at a dinner given, I think, at Portsmouth during the display of our naval forces which commemorated the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. He rose to his feet and imposed silence by a grave motion of the hand. I guess you English think you're pretty well astonished us by this display of yours." A long pause. Everyone expected a refutation, something violently American, aggressive and contemptuous. Then the orator began to speak again. "I guess you have," he said, and sat down with a bang.

In America, I need hardly say, Mr. Depew's reputation as an orator is immense. He paused to take breath in the midst of an after-dinner speech in New York some time ago. "Senator," said a voice, which expresses the general feeling of America, "if you ever get lockjaw you'll burst!" And as to the excitement caused by the orator's mere presence, that is illustrated by the story of his entering a booth at an exhibition out West. When he got in he discovered that the entertainment was rubbish. But his departure was prevented by the sudden influx of a vast multitude which stormed in at the only door.

"Something interesting must be going to happen," he thought. But no change occurred in the quality of the entertainment. The crowd was caused by the manager of the booth who had posted this notice on the outside of it: "Step up lively and pay ten cents for the privilege of seeing the one and only Chauncey M. Depew."

Lady Cadogan and her sister, Lady Coventry, Lady Churchill, Lady Kilmorey, and Lady Savile have all arranged to give dinner-parties to-morrow night, before taking on their guests to the Ascot Ball at the Whamecliffe Rooms in the Hotel Great Central. The ball is to be a most exclusive affair, and only those people who are personally known to the lady patronesses will receive vouchers, which they will exchange for 25s. tickets. All smart London is expected there.

Sir George Farwell, the Judge of the High Court of Justice, who has just been appointed Chairman of the Commission which is to investigate the report on the Army stores scandal, is still a comparatively young man—only just sixty. He has always had a close connection with the Chancery Bar. He married a Miss Wickens, the daughter of a famous Chancery Judge, Sir John Wickens. He "devilled" in his early days for Lord Davey, one of the most famous of Chancery lawyers. And in due course he himself became a Chancery Judge.

Mr. Astor is one of the hosts of to-night, and several hundred invitations have been sent out for a concert which is to follow a big dinner-party. On Thursday night Mr. Astor again gives a similar entertainment, and at both concerts Mme. Yvette Guilbert will sing.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Windsor.

HE has raised rather a storm in the motoring world, for it is he who, as First Commissioner of Works, has closed Hyde Park to motor-cars during the fashionable hours.

One would have rather expected the action to be that of an elderly man, unthinkingly opposed to motor-cars. As a matter of fact, he is still a couple of years short of fifty, and a motorist himself.

But he is rather a nervous one, and his dread of accidents may be partly due to his artistic temperament and partly to the fact that he had a very unpleasant accident some years ago in life.

The accident rather spoilt his personal appearance, for though he is quite a good-looking man, his nose is his weak point. It was badly broken by a cricket ball when he was a boy at school.

His artistic temperament is shown not only in the splendid collection of works of art which he has gathered from all over Europe, but also by his own drawings. He illustrated a book of travel some years ago with great success.

He has also designed two houses for himself, and though they are all that could be desired from the artistic point of view they cost a great deal more than they were intended to.

Still, money is not a very serious consideration with him, as his house in Wales, studded with mines, and a suburb of Cardiff belongs to him, too.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 26.—Several hardy annuals are in bloom, those sown (or which sowed themselves) last autumn being, as usual, the finest plants. Pink and white virginia stock, sweet alyssum, candytuft, and many other delightful things open their buds.

The night-scented stock, perfuming the whole garden at sunset, is also flowering, while yellow and orange eschscholtzia, with their glowing cups, are, perhaps, the most showy annuals now with us. Lupins begin to fade, but the white tree lupin is in its full beauty. Its verdant foliage, delicious fragrance, and graceful habit, make it quite a June treasure.

E. F. T.

To-morrow a new number of "The Country Side," the delightful weekly journal of outdoor life,

## ANOTHER CASE OF "JACK THE INKMAN."



A mischievous person is at large in London who tries to spoil the dresses of ladies by squirting ink over them. A similar sort of person is at large on the Continent doing the same sort of thing politically.

predecessor, Emperor John, who used to slice off the noses of those of his subjects whom he caught taking snuff, to cut off the lips of those who smoked, and to brand crosses into the hands of every Mohammedan he caught, which was his way of "impressing" the doctrine of Christianity upon the infidel.

Nevertheless, Menelik's methods, though less ferocious than those, are still sufficiently summary. He secures the efficiency of his Ministers and chiefs by summoning them to an interview behind closed doors. If they fail to defend their conduct satisfactorily, the mighty ruler seizes the cane which he keeps for this particular purpose and gives the official sound thrashing over the back. Another slightly disconcerting habit of the Emperor's is his keeping of dangerous pets—tiger-cubs, young lions, and elephants—and one of these, an elephant, once succeeded in arousing a terrible scandal.

A grave French diplomatist, whom we may call M. Duval, was spending a few days at the Abyssinian Court. The pet elephant was at that time allowed to wander about Menelik's capital, and to pick up food where and in what manner it pleased. One evening the estimable M. Duval with Mme. Duval and the family, were seated at dinner in one of the fragile cabins of the African town. Suddenly in the doorway appears the elephant on the quest for food. The elephant thrusts his way in, walks up to M. Duval's table, helps himself to M. Duval's omelette, to his potatoes, and his chicken. Then in his efforts to withdraw with the spoil the elephant ends by

his days amongst the poor of the villages. The Moule family were not well off, and occasionally the father was led by his desire to help others to carry off the dinner from the table to some poor person near, a practice which must have forcibly impressed upon his sons the truth of the maxim that charity should begin at home, and should, if it took the form of dinner, be allowed to stay there.

Mrs. Guy Wyndham, the wife of Colonel Wyndham, who commands the 16th Lancers, now stationed at Colchester, is arranging a very interesting concert at Colchester on the afternoon and evening of July 13 to benefit some regimental charities. Princess Henry of Pless is going down on purpose to sing at this concert, and Mrs. Claude Bedington, a most accomplished pianiste, with several other well-known amateurs, is to take part. Mrs. Guy Wyndham is a sister of Mrs. Cornwallis West, and, therefore, aunt to Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster.

Princess Henry of Pless is a most accomplished vocalist, and so is her sister, the Duchess of Westminster, but the latter is very shy about singing in public. "Princess Henry, or, as her friends call her, Princess 'Daisy,' is, however, quite used to the concert platform, and, moreover, has made an excellent appearance on the amateur stage.

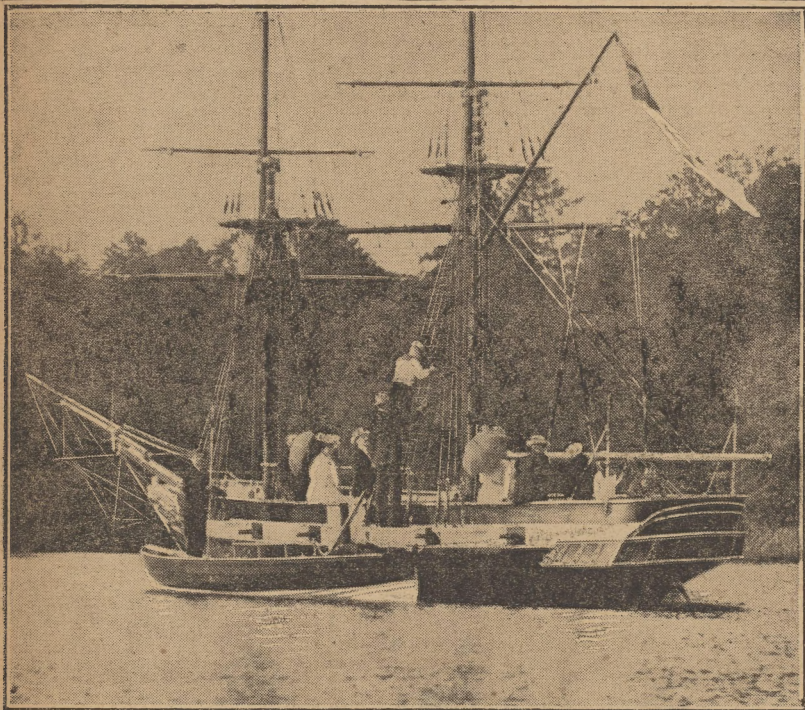
It is to be hoped that Mr. Chauncey Depew, who has just arrived in England, will give us some examples of his extraordinary talent as an after-dinner speaker before the season ends. One of the most sensational, yet one of the least rhetorical,



# HMS KING EDWARD VII

## IN COMMISSION

### THE LITTLE PRINCE IN COMMAND



Little Princes Edward and Albert of Wales went on board their new brig, the King Edward VII., at Virginia Water on Sunday, and enjoyed themselves hugely clambering about the rigging and examining the fittings of the miniature man of war. In our photograph Prince Edward is to be seen climbing the rigging of the main-mast, and Prince Albert is standing beside the wheel. To the left of Prince Edward is Princess Victoria, who accompanied her small sailor nephews on board and was an amused and interested spectator of their enthusiastic delight in their latest acquisition.

#### CLEVER DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN AT DERBY.



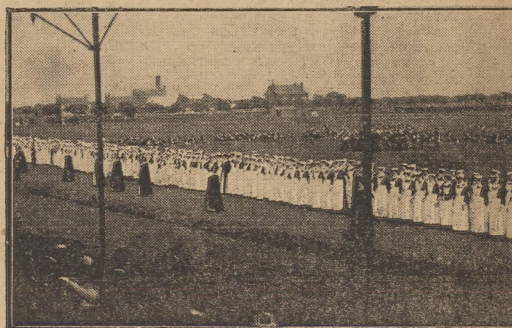
The drill and gymnastic display at Derby by children of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb afforded admirable testimony to the care and thoroughness of the teaching staff. Every evolution was carried out with perfect uniformity and precision. In the photograph some of the children are doing a picturesque Japanese umbrella drill.

#### KING EDWARD AT



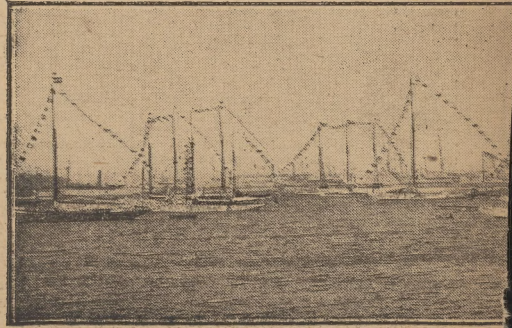
King Edward reviewing the cadets of the Royal Military College yesterday visited by the reigning Monarch. In the photograph, taken during the review, the King is seen in the foreground, and the cadets are in the background.

#### REVIEW OF ST. JOHN NURSING SISTERS



The annual review and prize distribution of the St. John Ambulance Association took place at the sports ground at Blowick. Three hundred nursing sisters and ambulance men were present. Lady Pilkington distributed the prizes. The photograph was taken when the sisters formed up in front of the grandstand.

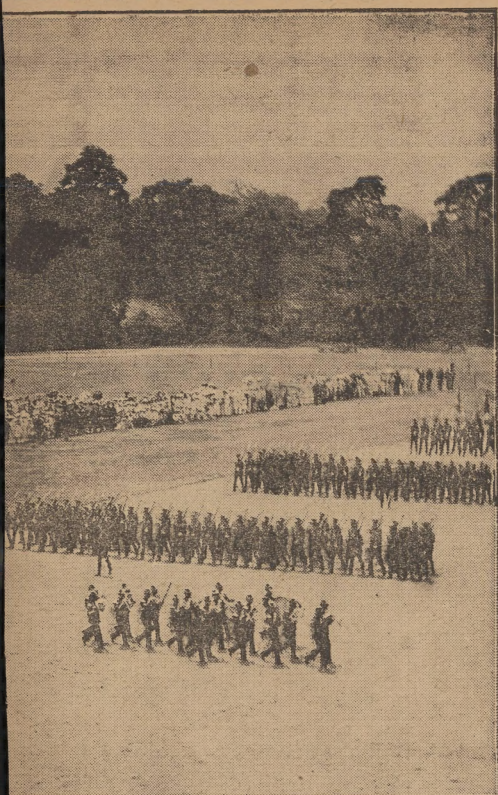
#### FLEET OF YACHTS AT



There has been an unusually large gathering at Kiel this year, and the King has taken the closest personal interest in the regatta, which he is ambitious of seeing the fleet of the anchors.

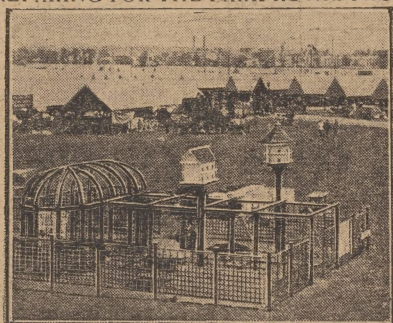


# SANDHURST YESTERDAY.



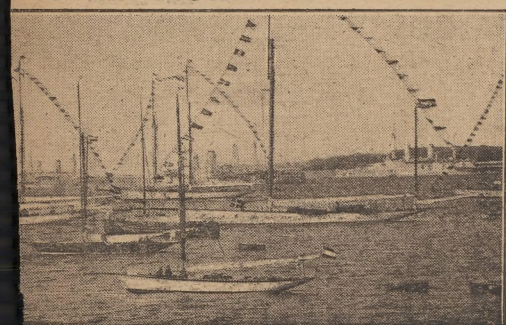
It was the first time since 1858 that the cadets at Sandhurst had been in marching past, the position of his Majesty is indicated by a cross.

## PREPARING FOR THE PARK ROYAL SHOW



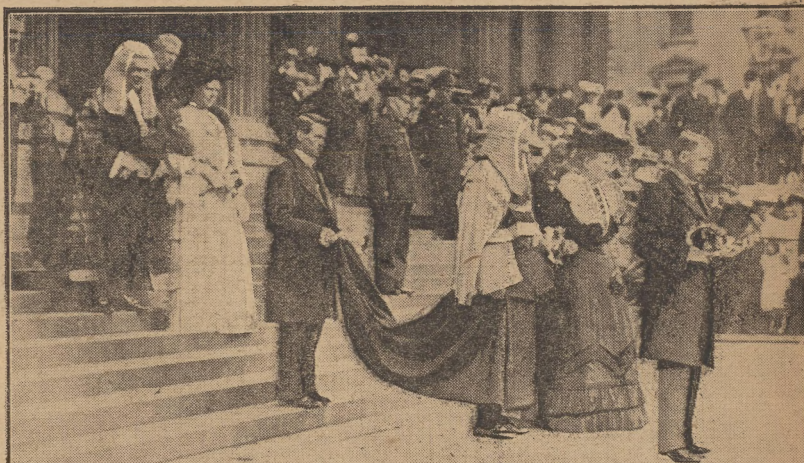
The buildings erected at Park Royal, between Willesden and Ealing, for the Royal Agricultural Society's exhibition, to be opened to-day. The Prince of Wales visits the show to-day, and the King is to go there to-morrow.

## FOR THE REGATTA.



and other yachts for the annual regatta. The Kaiser takes the premier international race meeting for sea-going yachts. A portion in the photograph.

# HIS MAJESTY'S JUDGES AT ST PAULS



His Majesty's Judges paid their annual visit in state to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, the Lord Mayor with the City officers being also present. The photographs reproduced were taken after the service. The upper one shows Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England (the foremost figure), and Lord Halsbury, Lord Chancellor (in the rear) leaving the Cathedral, and in the lower picture the Lord Mayor is leaving, attended by his mace and sword bearers, the City Marshal, and other civic dignitaries.

## RECORD CROWD AT BOULTER'S LOCK.



There was a record crowd of river craft at Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday. What the pack in the lock was like all through the day may be gathered from our photograph. At mid-day no fewer than fifty launches and 100 smaller boats were counted while waiting to go through, and later there was an even bigger crush.



## IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

By No Means the Comfortable Holiday People Think.

### By A DEBTOR JUST DISCHARGED.

Yesterday the author, who has just been discharged from one of His Majesty's prisons, described his recreation there and his cell. To-day he tells of his daily life and his discharge.

Shortly before six o'clock each morning a loud bell was violently rung, and this was our summons to arise. After dressing, I had to fold up my bedding, place it over the end of the plank, and stand it up against the wall. At 6.50 the cell door was opened, and I had to hand out my slops, my water-can to be filled, and to take in my daily work.

At the same time a warder came round with a slate and noted any requests, such as applications for the doctor or chaplain, to write a letter, or receive a visit. The door was flung open again at seven, when the breakfast loaf was thrown in, usually on the floor, and we handed out our tinmugs for our pint of tea. At about 8.45 we were marched off to morning service in the church, which lasted for about thirty minutes, and after service we were locked in the cells till about 10.30.

Then came a walk in one of the exercise yards, large grass courts, about fifty yards long by twenty yards wide, with two oval asphalt paths, one within the other, round which we were allowed to walk and talk from two to two.

### NEWS FROM OUTSIDE.

Needless to say, a new arrival in the exercise yard was eagerly pounced upon for the latest news from the outside world. For, as I have already stated, our reading matter consisted only of religious works and a novel from the library. The latter was changed twice a week, but we had no choice, and had to be content with whatever the librarian thought fit to give out.

After from thirty minutes to an hour of this we were taken back to the cells and shut in until twelve o'clock, when our dinner was thrown in to us. About one o'clock there was more exercise, and on our return we were allowed to have our cell doors open for about an hour, but why I cannot conceive.

At five o'clock supper was served, and at seven we put out our day's work. At eight o'clock the bell rang, and we made our bed and retired for the night.

But that bed! It was so hard and lumpy that more than once I slept in my clothes on the bare floor, and found it far more restful.

Such was our monotonous daily life, with the exception of Sunday, which was the most wearisome of all, as we had no work and only one short spell of exercise in a very small yard.

The religious services were conducted in a spacious building of imposing appearance, but the seats were bare forms without backs, whilst the warders sat on raised chairs round the centre and sides of the church, those in the centre sitting with their backs to the altar, so that they faced the prisoners.

The week-day services consisted only of a hurried gabble of a portion of the Morning Prayer, with one hymn at the close, but at each of the two

Sunday services, which lasted about an hour, and were held at nine and two o'clock respectively, we were treated to a sermon. Devout attention was made absolutely impossible by the unceasing growls of the warders.

On the card of regulations it states that, wherever practicable, debtor-prisoners shall be allowed to follow their own trade; but the only work I heard of being given was stitching mail-bags and picking coal and fibre. My own task was picking yarn—that is, waste bits of matted rope—into fibre, and, according to regulations, I was supposed to pick one pound a day. I do not know whether this is strictly enforced, but, at any rate, I found it by no means a difficult task, and I even found it a welcome aid to pass away the time, though it gave me a slight aching in the back and eyes.

Twice a week a pail of water was placed in the cells, and we had to scrub the floor, table, and stool, and get them to an almost snowy whiteness.

A daily task, and an extremely unpleasant one, was the cleansing of all our tinware, including the slop-can. It had to be polished with brick-dust till it shone like silver.

### LETTER-WRITING IN PRISON.

All letters written and received by the prisoners are read by the officials, and when writing the weekly letter permitted by the rules, a pen and one sheet of prison-issued paper, and an envelope are placed in the cell. If the prisoner had no money or stamps in his possession at the time he entered the prison, his letters were posted unstamped, and double postage had to be paid on delivery. Visitors are only allowed once a week and then two may come at the same time in the interview of fifteen minutes. This takes place in a special room through a double wire screen of fine mesh, while a warder listens attentively to every word.

The day before their discharge prisoners are confined to cells all day long, but the monotony is relieved by visits from the doctor and the chaplain. A warder also calls to inquire your destination on leaving, and in the event of your having no money a railway ticket is provided to the district where your committal order was issued, and a warder is sent to see that you use it. The last visit is from two warders, who make a thorough search both of yourself and your cell, but what they expect to find it is difficult to conceive.

### THE LAST MORNING.

On the morning of my discharge I was taken from my cell shortly before six o'clock, and the formalities through which I had gone when admitted were exactly reversed. First I was taken, in company with other discharged debtors, to deliver up my books to the chief clerk of the block. Then we were marched to "The Reception," where our sheets, wooden spoon, and other prison things were minutely examined and taken from us, and we were weighed, before being marched into separate cells and again thoroughly searched.

The usual prison breakfast was then served, and after all our property, with the exception of money, railway ticket in return to us, we were marched off once more, this time to the deputy governor's office, where, after giving our names again, for about the sixth time that day, our money was handed over, and a receipt taken.

Then, after a short delay, we were escorted to the entrance gates, and having yet once again given our names, this time to the turnkey, we passed to the outer world.

No! Imprisonment for debt is by no means a comfortable holiday at the expense of the State.

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## LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**LYNDAL MAYBRICK:** A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

**JOE MARVIS:** A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

**SIR TATTON TOWNLEY:** A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

**B. S. VOGEL:** A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

**DOLORES ST. MERTON:** A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel's (She is really a Mrs. Hilary).

**ARTHUR MERRICK:** A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

**BILLY:** A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

### CHAPTER LII.

Arthur Merrick had given Sir Tatton Townley the letters relating to King Daffodil's Derby without a word. Attached to those letters were copies of the letters which Vogel had sent to Dolores, to Arthur, and to Hilary.

And they offered damning proof of Vogel's villainy and treachery; for once in his life Mr. B. S. Vogel's business-like habits cost him dearly.

"Arthur, my boy," Sir Tatton said when he had read all the correspondence carefully through, "I owe you an apology; though these letters might prove nothing to outsiders, they prove to me your honesty of purpose; they prove that you were tempted—as men occasionally are tempted on the turf—and that you resisted. I believe in you again implicitly."

Arthur could say nothing; his emotion was too great for words, and he hid his gratitude.

"I was blinded by disappointment and the sudden shock last June, and I couldn't see that only an innocent man would have or could have made the confession which you made. Will you forgive me?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that until I'm forgiven," Arthur smiled.

"As for your letter to Vogel," Sir Tatton continued, "I think we'll destroy that altogether now—so." And he tore up the pieces into still smaller fragments and threw them into the fire and watched them disappear for ever from sight.

"The other letters we'll keep, they may be useful. Vogel is a dangerous enemy to possess, and you may be sure he'll do all in his power to ruin you, you and—the woman you love."

"He can do nothing now," Merrick said slowly. "I wonder if you would help Hilary's wife—Dolores St. Merton, as she was known to you—if you would help her and her husband?" he asked, with some hesitancy. "It's a great favour I'm asking."

"You can't ask a favour of me, my boy; your interests are mine, your friends mine. Since what you've told me of the Hilarys, since what I've heard through Lyndal's letters to Marvis, I know that you're playing the game. I'll do anything in my power to help them."

So Arthur gave Sir Tatton all the documents relating to the Dugger Bank Gold Mines to read, and told him the whole story. And Sir Tatton was not long in making up his mind what to do.

"If you're going to fight Vogel it means money," he said. "But my money is yours, all I have is yours, and we'll risk a few thousands in trying to clear poor Hilary's name and punish that pest of our society—Vogel, and all men of his kindred. But there is the danger that if we lose Vogel will rake up the story of The Devil and King Daffodil. I'm not afraid, I'm ready to face anything; but you—there is danger still for you, Arthur."

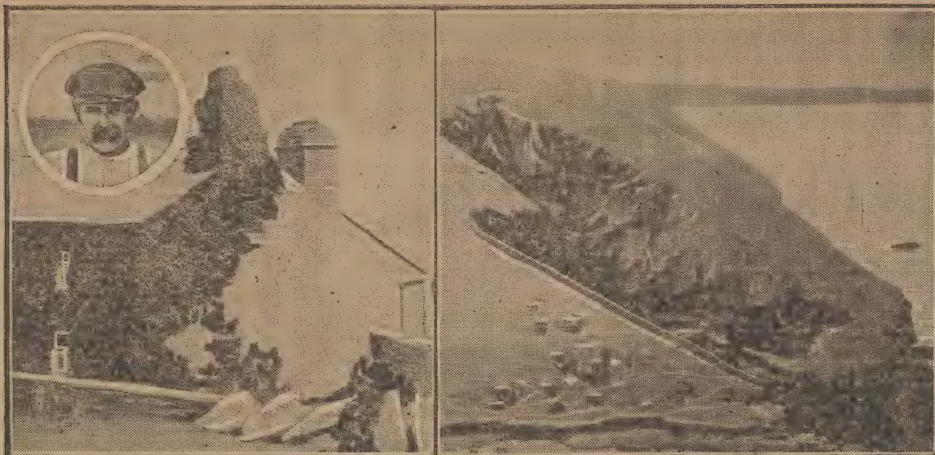
"I'll face it. I'm ready to give up all hopes of ever riding again."

"You shan't do that," Sir Tatton smiled. "You're going to ride King Daffodil in all his engagements this coming year. Cherry Ripe is going on very well, Marvis says, and in a moderate way is capable of winning the Derby—if he can beat The Brute, poor old Billy's Brute," he

(Continued on page 11.)



## FATAL FALL FROM THE CLIFF IN CORNWALL.



While walking with her fiancé, Mr. Salmond, on the cliffs between Tintagel and Port Isaac, Miss Catherine Hunter, a young woman of twenty-five, slipped on the edge and fell a distance of 200 feet into the sea, where she was drowned. Mr. Salmond climbed down the cliff to within a few feet of the water, where he was found almost distracted and unable either to ascend or descend. One of our photographs is of the house where Miss Hunter was staying, and the other shows the cliffs where the tragedy occurred. The portrait is of the labourer, John Loney, who rescued Salmond, and recovered the body of the dead girl.

## COOK SUES LORD AND LADY NORREYS FOR ALLEGED SLANDER.



Lady Norreys, who dismissed the cook from her service, giving her, it is alleged, "half an hour to get out of the house."



Lord Norreys, eldest son of the Earl of Abingdon. He is stated to have accused the plaintiff of serious misconduct.



The cook, Mary Mercer, who is suing Lord and Lady Norreys. She was previously in the service of Violet, Countess of Rosslyn, and Mrs. Pinero.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

laughed. "You've lots of riding before you, and I'm not going to let you off. I swear you shall ride the winner of the Derby before I die, my boy! It was a promise to my Daffodil, your mother—and, by Heaven! I'll keep it, if I have to buy every decent two-year-old in the country this year, or next year!"

Winter dragged its cold grey way slowly along—at Rose Cottage life seemed very quiet, very lonely. For the life and light of the place had gone out with the departure of Lyndal. Marvis let her go unwillingly; Billy shook his head and said nothing.

He had no right to speak, much as he loved his mistress. But he was no longer a servant at Rose Cottage; he was a guest, a favoured guest.

But the trouble was that he would forget this most important fact. Morning after morning Marvis found him groping his way towards the stables; time after time he brought him back and told him to "go to bed and sleep like a gentleman."

But habit was too strong for poor old Billy; though he could not work, he insisted on going to the stables every day and pottering about among the lads, listening to them doing their duties, talking himself to the horses.

And the latter looked for his comings; his presence soothed the most nervous two-year-old, and it was wonderful how he knew them all.

Though darkness covered his eyes, a wonderful light illumined his other senses. But, of course, his greatest happiness was found in his queer, ill-tempered friend, The Brute.

That impossible, vicious colt had grown to absolutely worship the blind stable lad, and would follow him about anywhere, not daring to behave badly in his master's presence. Out of it he was a terror to stable lads, hated and feared by all—yet respected, too.

He seemed to feel that both he and his master

had been badly used by an unkind world, and sometimes a look came into his wicked white eyes as much as to say:—

"Wait! One day we'll be revenged."

Billy used to hold long conversations with The Brute, sitting on a chair in his box—he had been given a decent box again and removed from the indignity of the cowshed—and smoking his pipe.

"I wish you'd consent to be trained, Brute," he said over and over again. "They say that you couldn't win a donkey race, but I know better," and the old man would lovingly run his hand over the colt's quarters. "There's stuff there," he muttered dreamily. "There's stuff there to work on."

"I'll do anything in the world you ask me," The Brute sniffed, rubbing his nose against Billy's face. "You can ride me, you can train me, you can do anything you like with me."

"But I'm blind, old man. I can't see—I can't do nothing," 'cept give advice. "Won't you let one of the boys get on your back?"

But The Brute shook his head viciously, and Billy went on smoking sadly.

So at last the spring came; tardily, as it does come in this little corner of the earth, and perhaps all the more welcome and loved for that reason. The trees were a long, long time before they ventured to put out their first green shoots, the brown earth was very slow in allowing her seedlings to poke their curious heads above the surface and view the world with wet, wondering eyes.

But the spring did come at last in real earnest, reviving old desires and hopes and joys.

The birds, like the women, put on their fine feathers and frills, and twittered and sang—and asked to be made love to.

Joe Marvis viewed his rose-trees with one eye, his horses with another.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and as the reports from the various training quarters began to come in Marvis saw once again the possibility of training a Derby winner.

Cherry Ripe in a good year would have been an outsider; the coming year promised badly for

three-year-olds, and Cherry Ripe had a chance. Joe Marvis had to confide in Billy.

"I suppose I'm a fool to hope, but I want your opinion," he said.

The old man's face lighted up—the honour of being consulted by Marvis touched him deeply.

"Let's go and have a look at him," he said, speaking as blind men do, as if he still had the use of his sight.

So arm-in-arm the trainer and the one-time racing tot walked to the stables and "inspected" the three-year-olds.

"Now come and have a look at The Brute," Billy said when the inspection was over.

"By Jove, he's grown into a strapping great colt," Marvis cried, "and as fat as a pig!"

Billy nodded dismally.

"I know he's fat! You see, he can only take running exercise with me. I walks and runs him round the paddock every day, but what's the good of that?"

"Well, what on earth do you want?"

"He was his intended for—for lots of races," the old man whispered. "I'd give the rest of my life to—run him in the Derby."

Marvis laughed aloud.

But when he was alone in his study he notified the fact to the racing authorities that Sir Tatton Townley's colt The Brute had been transferred to Mr. Billy, and in due course Mr. Billy's name was registered as his owner.

When Billy knew what had been done his gratitude was unfeigned.

"I'll train him," he cried; "I'll train him somehow."

And he set to work and persuaded a lad who had just served his apprenticeship with Marvis to enter The Brute's box with him every day—for The Brute dared do nothing wrong in Billy's presence.

He made the lad accompany the colt at exercise, and slowly The Brute began to understand the boy, to tolerate him, even to allow him to enter his box alone. Then Billy took the bull by the horns, and one morning he put a racing saddle

(Continued on page 13.)

## A Skin of Spotless Beauty

How annoying it is to have one's skin look unhealthy! We are not now referring to suffering from eczema or such serious troubles, but slight skin ailments as redness or roughness of the skin, spots on the face, insect bites, the smarting caused by acid perspiration or sunburn, chafing of the skin, and other such minor troubles which are unsightly, or uncomfortable. If your face has pimples on it you cannot look really nice, fresh, and pleasant, and the bright summer sunshine shows up spots or blemishes so clearly, that everyone notices them. What is more, every discomfort of this kind is quite unnecessary, be it a perfect remedy is provided in "Antexema," which is so delightfully cooling and soothing when applied to burning or irritated skin that everyone who uses it is delighted. "Antexema" will enable you to keep your skin spotlessly pure and free from roughness, redness, or disfigurement of any kind.

## DON'T RUN RISKS

The best time to cure any illness, ailment, or health trouble of any kind is before it really shows itself. Many troubles give unmistakable signs of their approach, and, as regards skin troubles, it is certainly true that "Coming events cast their shadows before." The moment you see that the skin of any part of your body, the face, hands, arms, legs, chest, or back is red, rough, inflamed, or in any way unhealthy, apply "Antexema," and in a very short time your skin will again be pure, clear, and healthy.

## DON'T BE UNCOMFORTABLE

Scarcely anything causes the same amount of intense discomfort as the maddening irritation set up by serious skin troubles. Hour after hour, both day and night, the sufferer endures maddening irritation, that makes it impossible to give either proper attention to business or get comfortable rest at night. "Antexema" will prevent all this, as immediately it is applied skin irritation stops, and the curative process starts at once.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION FREE

The enormous number of letters we have had, and which are still pouring into our offices, shows how widespread is the interest taken in the subject of the health of the skin, and how anxious the public are to know the way to cure skin trouble, and to keep cured afterwards. Those who have not cut out these articles should certainly obtain our handbook on "Skin Troubles." There has been such a rush for the handbook that another enormous edition has just been printed, and the opportunity has been taken to have it illustrated and revised in accordance with the latest medical discoveries. This book is so valuable that it ought to be in every home, and the information given will enable you to save doctors' fees. Though our family handbook on skin troubles is thoroughly scientific, it is at the same time so simple in wording that a child can understand it, whilst the oldest will find it of the greatest possible interest and value.



## AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE

A lady at Brighton, who gives her full name and address, and signs herself "A Grateful Mother," says: "I am writing to inform you of the great cure 'Antexema' has worked for my little son, aged three years. He has been a terrible sufferer from eczema from his birth, and has been under treatment in many London and provincial hospitals, and attended by several doctors, but all failed. I had given up hope of ever seeing him well when I commenced using 'Antexema,' and with the finish of the first bottle I could see that great relief it afforded, and presently that it was completely cured. Everyone who has seen him says what a marvellous cure 'Antexema' has proved."

## IS YOUR SKIN TROUBLE IN THIS LIST?

Acne.	Eczema of the Legs.
Baby's Skin Troubles.	Erysipelas.
Bad Complexion.	Facial Blemishes.
Barber's Itch.	Freckles.
Blackheads, Boils.	Gouty Eczema.
Burns and Scalds.	Insect Bites.
Corns and Bunions.	Leg Wounds.
Irritable Skin.	Lip & Chin Troubles.
Skin Troubles of	Nettle Rash.
Ears, Eyes, Feet,	Piles, Psoriasis.
Hands, and Scalp.	Ringworm, Shingles.
Eczema.	Scrofula.

If your skin trouble is mentioned you should at once accept the special offer we make, and you will be grateful to us for the rest of your life.

## NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

Don't wait till you get worse, but commence with "Antexema" at once. It will be easier to cure your trouble to-day than it will be to-morrow, and you will avoid discomfort by taking our advice. "Antexema" is supplied by all chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. Read our handbook entitled "Skin Troubles," packed with valuable and interesting information regarding all skin ailments, which will be forwarded post free to readers of the *Daily Mirror*, together with a free trial of "Antexema" and 200 testimonials from persons cured. Mention the *Daily Mirror* when you write, enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.



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Physical Strength.**

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"Shortly after I returned from South Africa, after serving through the War, I was an acute sufferer from Indigestion, was very Nervous and entirely Run-Down, but after taking two small bottles of Guy's Tonic I felt a different man, so great was the improvement. I shall always give great praise to Guy's Tonic, and I still take a dose or two whenever I feel 'out-of-sorts.'"

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APPETITE."

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## CHILDREN ON THE SEASHORE ON THE PACIFIC COAST—DESIGN FOR A SALE REMNANT.

## OYSTER PICNICS.

SUCCULENT BIVALVE AS PLENTIFUL  
AS BLACKBERRIES.

Perhaps Lewis Carroll, when he wrote the "Walrus and the Carpenter," knew that what he there describes is precisely the al fresco dejeuner which every Queenslander may, and does, take when he goes to the seaside.

In theory, of course, all the beds are Government property, and it is a punishable offence for any save those holding licences to remove oysters. As a matter of fact, however, the larger number of the beds are in their natural state and absolutely uncultivated. There are thousands of fish which will never be turned to account, and any passer-by is welcome to help himself provided he confines himself to consumption on the spot and does not attempt to put his spoil on the market.

The Queensland watering-places would astonish the habitués of Brighton or Bournemouth. Possibly Southport is the largest and most fashionable, lying as it does on Moreton Bay, within an easy journey by rail from Brisbane, the capital of the State. Imagine a long stretch of firm white sand fringed at low tide by oyster-beds some two or three feet high, extending in broad masses over many yards in area.

## No Bathing Machines.

Back from the beach a drive has been formed, and a row of small wooden bungalows stands modestly in the rear, gazing at, but not chiding too near, the ocean. Behind the houses again stretch mile upon mile of scrub land, overgrown with mallee, salt bush, and the greenish-white blossoms of the ty tree, and after the rains covered with a thousand wild flowers and grasses. No bathing machines vulgarise the scene, though it is true a few wooden bathing huts have sprung up on the smaller of the two beaches, and an inscription announces that one of them is reserved solely for the use of the mayor and corporation.

Here no side-shows offer their attractions; no "nigger" minstrels warble for alms; no barrel-organ raises its doubtfully enjoyable strains. During ten years' residence in Australia I only once heard a barrel-organ in any of the towns, and then even the poorest children declined to patronise it. But then the Australians are a music-loving race!

## Lemon-trees at Hand.

In many ideal little spots similar to this the work-weary may dream away the golden hours, revelling in the beauty of cloudless skies and sparkling waters, watching the pompous strut of the cranes or the graceful flight of myriad gulls as they swoop down on their prey. Now and then a heavy splash is heard. It is a shark turning in lazy enjoyment as he floats, one fin just showing above the glassy surface of the ocean. To enjoy oysters they must be eaten amid such a stupor of things as these, and then not even the addition of a lemon is needed, though for the matter of that there is a fine lemon tree growing hard by in the hotel-keeper's garden.

To go oystering is to the Australian child the seaside what to go blackberrying is to the English child in the country. (And it is so much more amusing!) No wonder the little ones grow plump and rosy feasting from morning till night on the epicure's prime dainty. The fond Queensland mother equips her treasure in sunbonnet or mushroom

hat, under which the small face is more hidden than beneath the coal-scuttle bonnet of our grandmothers. A big overall is accepted by the bairns, but no shoes or stockings. They are an abomination to the small Queenslander hardly to be tolerated even in town. Last, but most important of all, a stout oyster knife is added, and a jar in which to put the residuum of the spoil, for

there comes a time when even oysters pall on the infantile appetite.

The fish are absolutely pure, for the simple reason that few townships boast drainage schemes to contaminate the suppure waters of the Pacific, most beautiful of oceans, so no fear of dire results to come need mar the enjoyment of the feast.

E. M. N.



Some of the summer sales have already begun, and next week will see the inauguration of nearly all the rest. The dress sketched above has been especially designed for the materialisation of a length of lavender blue voile trimmed with flounces of the same, and worn with one of the new printed chiffon scarves and a round Panama hat wreathed with mauve roses.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

across The Brute's back, mounted himself, and walked the colt round the paddock. After a while he got off and made the boy get up.

The Brute kicked! Billy talked to him severely. And the day was won. The Brute consented to allow Drake, the lad, to ride him. The only thing he insisted on was going at his own pace. When he wished to gallop he galloped; when he preferred to walk he walked.

One day late in April Marvis appeared wreathed in smiles, a letter in his hand.

"Billy, my boy, she's coming back," he cried joyfully, like an excited schoolboy.

"Thank God," Billy muttered fervently; "thank God, we shall see—" he checked himself with a choking laugh. "I mean, thank God, I shall hear her pretty voice again! You haven't told her nothing about The Brute, have you?" he asked, anxiously.

"Well, no, I don't think I have," Marvis laughed; "but why?"

"Well, I want to sort of surprise her," the old man chuckled. "You must come and see him do a gallop one morning; of course, I can't see the improvement he's made, but I hear him going—and, by gum, he's a beauty!"

Marvis smiled indulgently; he was getting used to Billy's quaint enthusiasm for his equine pet.

Later in the day other news arrived which, however, drove all thought of Billy and The Brute

out of Marvis's mind, even putting his own business into the background.

Lyndal's letter had informed him that Horace Hilary was dying, that the doctor had despaired of him lasting more than another week at the most, that therefore Marvis might expect her return at any moment.

"And," she had added, "I want to bring my friend Dolores with me." Marvis had winced at that, but Lyndal always had her own way, and he knew that he could not refuse her.

But the news that moved him most deeply he read in the morning's paper.

It headed one of the leading columns in bold black type:—

"The Dugger Bank Gold Mine Scandal! Serious allegations against P. S. Vogel!"

And when he perused the column and read Horace Hilary's name as one of the victims of a gigantic swindle that was being exposed through the agency of one of the leading lights of the racing world—Sir Tatton Townley—Marvis fairly shouted with surprise.

He could not keep the news to himself, moreover he felt a little hurt with Sir Tatton for having kept him in the dark. So that evening over his whisky and soda and pipes he read the news to Billy.

"There's more in this than we think," Billy cried, starting to his feet. "What's Sir Tatton's interfering in things as don't concern him, eh?—my God!" he cried, "what if I was dead wrong last year—what if—if Mr. Merrick—"

"Hush, my lad—let sleeping dogs lie," Marvis said kindly. "I'm thinking we all made a big mistake. My little girl wouldn't have gone to nurse this fellow Hilary and stay in their house if things were as we've all suspected."

"No, we've all made a mistake I'm thinking,

and I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Merrick didn't turn out to be something of a hero after all."

Billy shook his head.

"I ain't never seen no hero. I don't ever expect to, neither!"

The strange, exciting news flew the round of the London clubs and drawing-rooms; the London restaurants and bars and parks, all places where men do congregate. Rumour had been busy some weeks beforehand, but the City refused to believe rumour. Vogel's position was unassailable; the story was too wild and improbable. And then the bombshell fell, and London was startled with the prospect of enjoying the greatest scandal that had been unfolded for many years.

And Arthur Merrick, who had been the means of hurling the bomb, hurried down to the Watford cottage, his heart aglow with excitement and delight.

He was on the point of giving back the long-lost honour of the man whose life he had once nearly taken. But he did not think of that—he only thought of the joy of telling Hilary that his hour of triumph was at hand.

It was dark before he reached his house, the little cottage already green and bright with creeping plants.

The hush and silence as he opened the front door struck a chill in his heart. It was two weeks since he had called, since he had even written. He had been working so hard, waiting until he could bring certain good news.

Had he come with his message of triumph too late? Had crafty old Death forestalled him?

He looked into the drawing-room—empty; the dining-room—empty, too!

He crept upstairs and listened outside Hilary's bedroom.

"Silence."

(To be continued.)

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## Lemonade

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